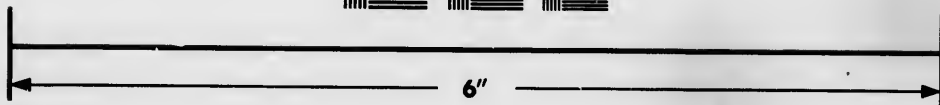
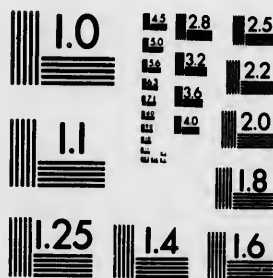


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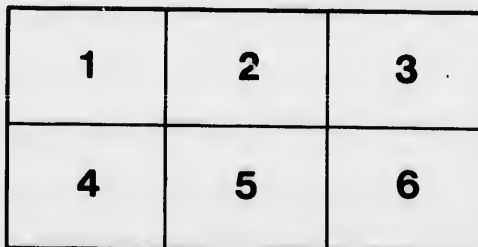
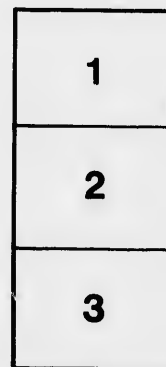
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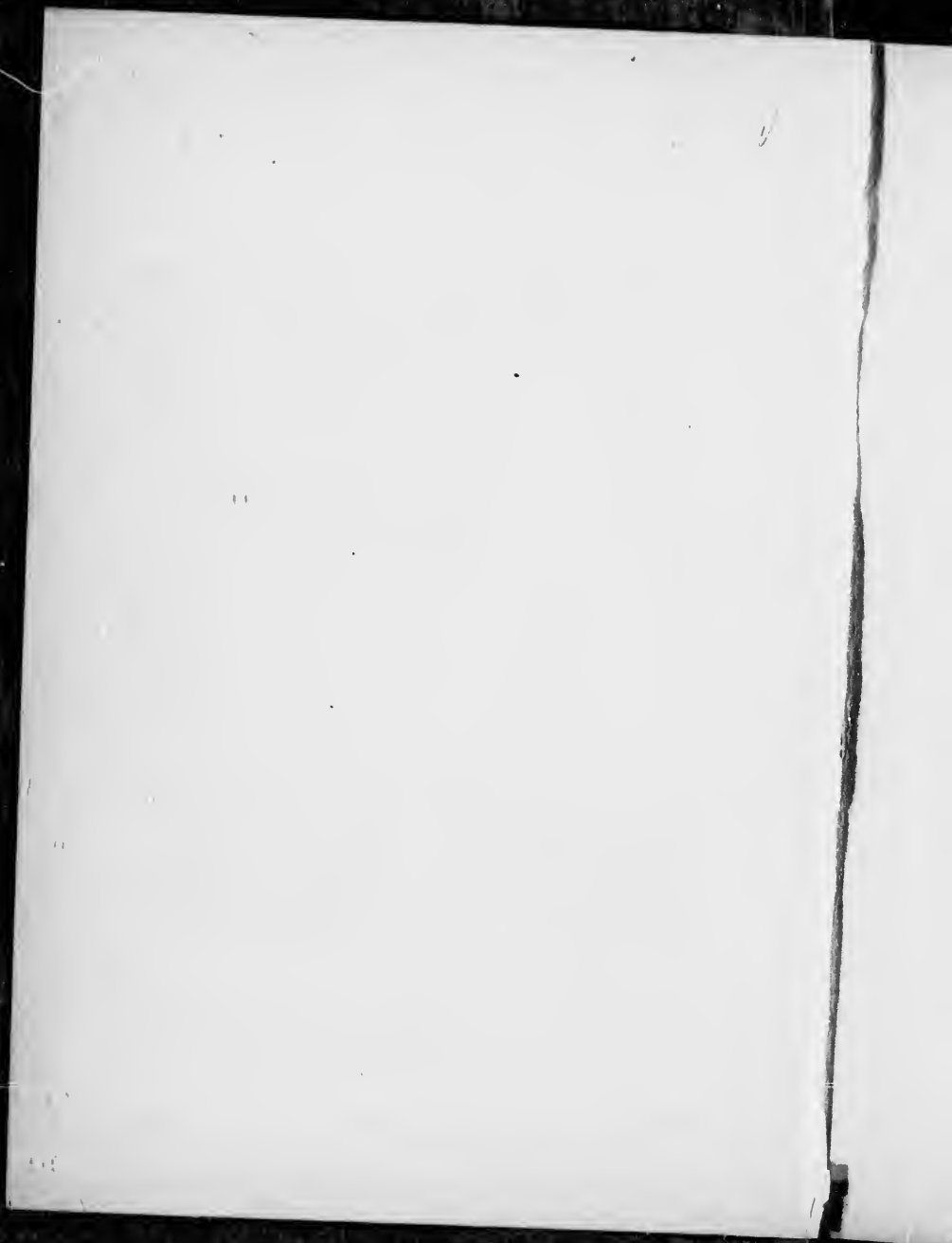
HUMOROUS *and*
PATHETIC



LP
P53477
A57V4

BY

R. MAIRN, B. A.



VERSES

HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC

BY

R. NAIRN, B. A.

LP P58477. A57 V4

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The Burial of Wauchope.

Near Modder River's township, several thousand miles away

On the twelfth day of December, a hot and sultry day,

When Africa's sun was sinking, in glorious tints of gold,

There were fifty Highland Scotchmen, the boldest of the
bold,

Who lay motionless on the ground, cold in the arms of
death.

A Highlandman will never yield until his latest breath.

Grim and stern those dead men looked with their faces
towards the sky;

Their great hands clasped on their breasts, in agony did
they die.

Their big brows knit so keen and firm in the stern lust of the
fight;

Their comrades shedding scalding tears while gazing on
the sight.

A sound is heard both shrill and clear, 'tis in the distance
there,

'Tis the music of the pipes, which comes floating on the air.

Oh, Wauchope, the good and noble, so soon shall join his
men,

And side by side he'll sleep with those who on the field
were slain.

The pipers march so grandly, there were sixteen great tall
men;

They play their unique music, some strains of their native
glen,

"Flowers of the Forest" a well known air rings out loud
and clear

Defiance stern on each man's face is seen through blinding
tear.

The big brave son of Scotland, just sobbed like a little child
As solemnly he marched with dead in dreary foreign wild.
He laid his general gently down in dark earth there to sleep
While loving hearts were more than filled with grief both
keen and deep.

No more will they ever hear their great and gallant chief
speak.

They think of it, and bow their heads and piteously they
weep.

Once more they firmly grasp their pipes, and there sounds
forth again

A music that cuts the silence, like cry of sharp, keen pain.
Hark! hark! what tune is this we hear, 'tis "Lochaber no
more,"

With lightning flash their thoughts go back to dear old
Scotland's shore.

Rises before their mind's eye does the dear old Highland
home,

Wings of fancy carry them where they hear the widow
moan.

Never more shall she clasp again her brave heroic son,
Until faith's battle is ended, and heaven at last is won.

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Rat Portage Scotchmen's Supper.

November 30th, 1899.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
Brave Scotchmen met together with delight,
In Louis' dining hall, the best of all
For noble sons of heather to corral.
St. Andrew's night they came to celebrate,
St. Andrew was a Scot of high estate.
That night the frost was keen, a cold wind blew,
But what was weather to these men so true;
They came for Haggis rare, mysterious potch,
Concocted by the Philosophic Scotch.
What a merry night these Scotchmen had,
The Haggis they devoured like men gone mad;
They toasted army, country, home and Queen,
They sang of heroes gone to lands unseen.
The very moment all the toasts were o'er
The Highland piper stood upon the floor,
His music stirred the soul of every Scot,
Who danced around like any Hottentot.
The piper quick and quicker blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they jigged and jumped,
The very floor moved as they thumped.
The occupants of rooms upstairs

Thought wicked men were sowing tares ;
 With boisterous noise and wholesome Scottish glee
 St. Andrew's eve they spent most merrily,
 The hours unnoticed winged their sable flight;
 The music, fun and mirth went past midnight,
 Until a beam or two of daylight came
 With lightning flash shot through the window pane;
 When Murdoch cried, "It isn't the morn,
 Yon's the moon; I say I ken her horn."
 But Allan said, "That canna be,
 You'd better go at once and ask D. C."
 D. C. an expert judge; excelled by none,
 Said, "Boys it is; it is the morning sun."
 Then every man sprang quickly to his feet;
 Formed in a line to make a sure retreat.
 The piper led them through the open door:
 Upstairs along the winding corridor;
 He blew his pipes and made them skirl;
 Till the roofs and windows there did dirl;
 The boarders who were startled out of sleep,
 Cried, "Kobold surely must be slaughtering sheep!"
 The piper wheeled, went down the narrow stair,
 To give his men a sniff of caller air.
 "Play on!" they cried, "Play on, you piper bold;
 We do not heed the morning's cold."
 Go on! go on! up Second Street,
 We'll march in line, and time we'll keep.

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Rat Portage Scotchmen's Supper.

7

To Gibson's corner they marched on,
Turned down a street called Matheson.
Then Willie shouted, "Gang doon through Fort,
And let's keep up this famous sport!"
The piper played his rousing chanters,
The men all waved their tam o'shanters;
Two Englishmen at Humble's block
Fell down and died there with the shock;
When all at once they made a halt
Just opposite to Hilliard's vault.
Then all of this distinguished crew
Paced to their homes, excepting two;
Fred and the piper didn't go,
They talked of things about Glencoe.
Then Fred glanced upward to the sky,
Then looked into the piper's eye;
"Play on!" he said, "Let's have some mair,"
And the Pibroch floated through the air,
And so the Thirtieth of November
Rat Portage Scots will long remember.

The Is Littler Than You.

One day as Little Dickie Hughes was riding on the boat,
His heart was filled with joy and his face expressed a lot.

It did me good to see wee Dick so happy and so glad,
I thought he had more pleasure than many another lad.

"Wee Dick is just as full of fun as egg is full of meat,
He came in front a taller boy and stepped on his feet.

The step was light and gentle, and it didn't hurt a bit,
The bigger boy was angry and ran to make a hit.

He had a very ugly face, as fist he upward drew—
"Let the kid alone," said Sammy, "he is littler than you."

Dick's champion was Sammy, the defender of the weak,
The cowardly antagonist made quick and sure retreat.

O Sammy brave and true and bold, God bless thy strong
right arm,

Defend the weak and helpless from all cruelty and harm.

There's another brave defender, whose name is Uncle Sam
When a bigger cruel nation a smaller one would jam.

Sammy is always ready with his soldiers brave and true
"Let the kid alone," says Sammy, "he is littler than you."

When old Spain was crushing Cuba, and Cuba felt it keen,
The Yankee eagle raised his voice in sympathetic scream.

When Sammy saw that Cuba weak, by Spain was treated
mean,

"Twas then that Uncle Sammy said, "'tis time to inter-
vene."

"The sufferings of Cuba made him angry through and
through,

"Let the kid alone," said Sammy, "he is littler than you."



John the Baptist.

"Of them that are born of women," He who was Truth
declared,

"Not on this busy earth hath a greater than John ap-
peared."

A man of strong convictions, courageous and sincere,
His fearlessness as a preacher all Christians must revere.

No reed that was easily shaken by ev'ry wind and breeze,
Men with the truth of God he swayed, and studied not to
please

No matter who his hearers were, a Pharisee, Scribe or King
He never stooped to flatter or to please a select ring.

Truly he was sent from God, and his great mission was
To call men to repentance, who had broken holy laws,
With King Herod he was faithful, reprov'd him of his
sin,

At a king's vice he would not wink, that favor he might win.

He was no fawning sycophant, who wished to stand in well
With people whose rank offences before high heaven did
smell,

And because he honestly set forth, the truth in church and
state,

He very soon was silenced, he was made decapitate.

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Oh, how his followers mourn him, they loved their leader
John

They thought he was the bravest man the sun had ere
shone on.

Now the angels up in glory who meet John ev'ry day
Just step aside politely and give him the right of way.



To a Dish of Porridge.

What food is there that can compare
With thee upon the bill of fare,
The best of men by thee's been fed
Men strong in body and in head.

The men who have been fed by thee
Have heroes been on land and sea.
There's not a country on this earth
But what has learned of Scotland's worth.

O, Porridge, nourishing and warm,
A grace thou'rt worth as long's my arm
Thou's help'd to make old Scotland great
Her sons are first in church and state.

Gie me a man that's porridge fed
Wi' Catechism in his head,
In righteousness he'll take a stand,
'Tis such as he's made Scotland grand.

O Porridge, thou hast done good work,
Thy warm fed sons will never shirk
Their duty both to man and God
While climbing up the heavenward road.

D'ye mind that day at Waterloo
The long sword which the despot drew:
He wished to occupy a throne
And rule the earth from zone to zone.

But Scots by thee were well prepared
Who never yet by foe were scared.
They bravely face the mighty foe
To death or victory they'd go.

"Scotland Ever," their battle cry,
Told that the despot's hour was nigh,
'Twas thou, O, Porridge, gained the day
Well art thou worthy of a lay.

D'ye mind again in olden time
When Ed. came o'er the border line
With thousands of his Englishmen
To crush the Scotchmen in their glen.

D'ye mind how Bruce rose in his might
And knocked them into death's dark night,
And ever since Bruce's been admired
But then he was by thee inspired.

Oh, dainty folk, who porridge spurn,
Think what was done at Bannockburn
And help a poor bard to relate
The worth of porridge and oat-cake.

Local Scotchmen.

Keewatin.

There's Robert A., the gentle soul,
We'll place him on the honor roll.
I'm sure Keewatin as a whole
Would miss him sore
Were he to take a final stroll
To foreign shore.

There's Johnny Hood, of banking fame,
Who's ne'er succumbed to love's sweet flame,
He says himself he's not to blame.
Well—that's not good.

Yet soon we'll see a splendid dame
In Madam Hood.

Norman.

There's Johnny Kay, the pioneer,
Who's been here for many a year.
He'll welcome you with right good cheer
Into his home
And tell you things you ought to hear
When he did roam.

There's Patterson, who bakes fine cakes.
Who buys his bread, makes no mistakes.
The best that's found around these lakes,
And can't be beat.
Folks smack their lips and say land sakes!
But it is sweet.

Rat Portage.

There's bustling, hustling Frederic,
No idle, careless, useless stick,
I tell you what, he is a brick
 Is F. A. C.
You ought to hear him talk so slick
 On Tartan Tea.

But Fred is at his best, I think,
When down upon the curling rink,
My certes, how the stanes play clink
 Upon the ice.
His ain stane laks a bonnie jink
 To pat lid nice.

A little farther down the street
You come to Murdoch trig and neat,
In clothes he's everything complete.
 Right up to date.
He'll rig you out from head to feet
 In styles most late.

Then if you should with neighbours fight
And get into a nasty plight,
Should you need law to put you right
 See Allan Mac,
He'll win your case with great delight
 I'm sure o' that.

Local Scotchmen.

There's J. K. B., who's built two blocks,
Dabbles in houses and town lots ;
One of the enterprising Scots
Is J. K. B.
He's wealthy now, so say the folks,
Unless they lee.

There's Willie Weir, of banking fame,
Who bears a good and honest name,
My, how his heart warms in a flame
And eyes light up
When list'ning to some Scottish dame
Sing "Scotland Yet."

There's D. C. on the Lakeside hill,
President of the big saw mill.
A seat in parliament he'll fill
Or I'm no seer.
He's got the brains, a good strong will,
A head most clear.

A well known Scot is Matthew Brown
No man as just in all the town.
On all things mean he puts his frown
And his boycott,
You can't fool Matt. and take him down
By any rot.

Local Scotchmen.

17

There's Willie Johnstone, engineer,
No one a train like him can steer.
On C P.R. he has no peer—
Willie's all right.

To ride with him you need not fear,
He's out of sight.

There's Alex. Stephen, the contractor,
From Hudson's Bay to Labrador
Few men can build house, church, or store
Quite so grandly.

Full of architectural lore
Is our Sandy.

You know the comic Morris Kyle
His songs will cure you of the bile,
You've often heard him sing in style
I'll gang to Paisley.

When you are sad he'll make you smile
O, so easily.

McKay and Martin, of the jail,
And many more, but time will fail,
I can't prolong historic tale
Of local Scots.

May their troublers be sent wholesale
To Johnny Groat's.

Pharisees.

Ye strait laced folk and narrow cranks
Who send to heaven your inner thanks,
You have ne'er been caught at playing pranks.
Just like D. B.

No doubt he erred from rectitude,
The glam'rous bait was not withstood.
O, you who think yourselves so good
You should pity.

Now wrong is wrong, and right is right,
There's no use making black look white.
The tempter overcame his might
And so he fell.

Oh, you who have not sinned at all,
Who have ne'er been caught in Satan's thrall,
How have you 'scaped without a fall.
Oh will you tell?

You Pharisaical spotless crew
You're not perfection through and through.
The Nazarene had enough of you
On Mundane sphere.

He told you plainly to your face
To church you were a big disgrace.

The God-man set you forth a pace
Though He paid dear.

Poor widows' houses you did rob,
You burdened men with heavy load
And posed as teachers sent from God
With the true faith.

The truth of Christ you could not stand,
You mustered up a heartless band
And on a tree you had Him hang'd,
Oh ! cruel death.

Hear me, you modern Pharisee,
Who hold your head right haughtily,
With you I'll be a little free
And frankly say :

I'd rather take my chance with B.
Than such a dry rot sham like thee
When launch'd into eternity
On that great day.

He's Just Been There a Year.

I know a little chap, who just a year to-day,
Landed on an island which skirts Keewatin bay.
He laughs and kicks and cries and rules both ma and me,
He's the cutest fellow that ever you did see.

When first I saw the rascal, oh how I did stare.
Behold upon his head there was not any hair.
Like a philosopher he was, grave and astute,
Perhaps that was the reason he was not hirsute.

A previous existence, where mind's all in all,
May have been the lad's, where he thought of Adam's fall,
And thinking made him bald before he reached this sphere.
Now his hair is coming back since he's been here a year.

At first he was quite scared of both his parents dear,
But since the introduction he's devoid of fear.
He grasps his papa's hair and pulls his papa's nose,
And imitates his dad when out the light he blows.

He's now begun to speak the language of this earth,
A foreign tongue to him at advent of his birth.
He's learning very fast, his speech is rather queer,
But you must remember he's just been here a year.

When the Ship Comes In.

O never did ship a richer freight carry
Than ship on the Syrian sea.
Home-made were its sails, but it did not tarry
As it sailed through Lake Galilee.

Although the ship was small few seemed to mind,
For she bore a most precious load.
She had a passenger, a wonderful man,
The son of omnipotent God.

O she sailed with the Christ from shore to shore,
The fishermen weak and weary ;
And Christ spoke a word that stilled the wild roar
Of the storm on lake so dreary.

And Argosy of God, the father of love,
Was that ship on the eastern wave,
For it carried the Christ who came from above,
Whose mission on earth was to save.

No wonder so many crowded round the boat
When it came to shores of the lake,
For many who had sinned and God forgot,
Would by faith such a Savior take.

When the Ship Comes In.

O how many have looked through mirk and haze
Weary waiting for morning's light,
When Jesus would come with his life giving rays
And light up their souls dark as night.

O when Jesus comes out of the ship, there comes
More than tongue of mortal can name.
He has peace and forgiveness for sin stain'd ones,
He has cures for the blind and lame.



To the Writer of
"The Spirit of The North."

Accept my thanks, dear Mrs. Gunne,
I've read your verses every one,
I cannot tell you with my pen,
How much I've been charmed with them.
They indicate a strength of mind,
Which few possess of woman kind.
You have indeed poetic fire,
I hope you'll still tune up your lyre,
And sing of truth, and noble deeds,
Of righteousness, and higher needs,
And kindle in our hearts a flame,
To follow Him of highest name.



Dives and Lazarus.

They sat around the table, the rich man and his guests,
The servants danced attendance. unto their lord's behests
A table was set with viands, the very best of wine,
The host and guests were dressed, in purple and linen fine.
The edibles were many, and all were extra fine,
Some dainties rich and rare, had come from a distant clime.
The company was merry, the conversation choice,
And the heart of every guest, did inwardly rejoice.
The health of Dives was toasted, his virtues were extoll'd
His kindnesses to friends, were eloquently told.
The scene was one of grandeur, of luxury and ease,
And each one had studied well, the art of how to please.
Outside, exposed to cold, lay a beggar at the gate,
Waiting for the crumbs to come, his hunger to abate.
Poor Lazarus, weak and sick, close by the rich man's door
Grateful was to canine friend that lick'd his ulc'rous sore
One morning while the beggar, at rich man's gate did lie
Death came and claimed his body, his spirit soar'd on high
He had no splendid funeral attended by a crowd
Of citizens who mourned their loss, and spoke his praise
loud.
His bones were rattled o'er the stones and quickly lay
away,
No holy priest with flowing robe did read, or speak, or pray

The wheels of time move swiftly, behold another scene,
A non-invited visitor comes from shades unseen.

All unheard he enters into wealthy magnate's room,
In the twinkling of an eye, the magnate meets his doom.

"In hell he lifted up his eyes" oh what a doom was this,
And to add to all his pain he sees Lazarus in bliss.

"O Abraham send Lazarus," the wretched creature prays,
"To cool my parched tongue, for I'm tormented in this
blaze."

And the father of the faithful instantly replies
Your destiny is fixed, a great gulf between us lies.

What about his body, the material part of Dives?

There are many flock to see it, as in state it lies.
In market place and store, and in street and private home,

The topic most upon men's lips was that of "Dives gone."
His was the largest funeral seen for many years,

Loudly were his praises sung and shed were many tears.

O slaves to Mammon worship, think of the end of Dives,
And develop more the Ego, the man that never dies.

The Runaways.

Grant and Tennyson on a summer's day
Went into a meadow, covered with hay.

They chased a grasshopper up a tree,
And invited the birds to have some tea.

They spread out bread, and butter and cake,
Right on the ground, for the birds to take.

But the birds were all on top of a tree
And one little bird cried "tee whit," "tee whee."

The birds seemed scared to come very near,
But Tennyson said "You need not fear."

Papa told us we should do no harm
To you when you would come near the barn

To pick up seeds, such as oats, and wheat
For you little birds must have a treat.

Here in the meadow, so nice and warm
You can have your tea, without alarm.

We'll leave it here, you can take your fill.
While Grant and I will climb up you hill."

Grant and Tennyson scampered away
And left all the birds to eat and play.

Something attracted Tennyson's eye,
Said Grant "it's a lovely butterfly:

I will try and catch it with my cap,"
And Tennyson said "I'll take my hat;

You'll see if I don't catch it with that,
For I can run as swift as a rat."

The two little chaps, they ran and ran,
And shouted "we'll catch it if we can."

The butterfly always kept ahead,
Though they offered it a piece of bread.

They chased it until their feet were sore,
So they quit chasing it any more.

They saw in the hollow a big brown cow,
And the dog came along and cried "bow wow."

How it skipped and sprang among the clover,
None seemed more happy that day than Rover.

Tennyson laughed to see Rover jump,
And bark and play around a black stump.

He clapped his hands and danced with joy
To see Rover play, just like a small boy.

Dottie's Wish.

"Mother," said little Dottie, "when I look to the sky,
I think of the dear Savior who came to earth to die.

He seems so very distant, beyond the azure blue,
O, I would like to see Him, and mother, would not you?

But it's so far away, behind the starry height,
Where Jesus has His home with the angels fair and bright

But, mother, I've been thinking, some day I might have
wings

And then I would be able to fly upon the winds.

And if it should so happen, that in the sky so blue
A small round hole was seen there, where I could just
creep through.

Then I would hurry upwards, and through that hole I'd go
And have a talk with Jesus, because He loves me so."

The Man With the Counterfeit Smile.

Beware of the man with the counterfeit smile,
He's a dangerous man, his heart's full of guile,
Behind his bland face, there's a motive to wile,
O, beware.

No human creature's so monotonously good,
As to smile and talk sweet, to the whole human brood.
'Tis but a sham, dissimulatory hood,
O, take care.

Of course his smile's fetching, and takes very well,
With some ladies it seems to act like a spell.
They praise the dear man, in his smile they revel,
I declare.

A keen, expert judge, who is morally sharp,
Unmasked the sweet man and found him a shark
With sharp teeth to devour, he makes men his mark
To ensnare,

The perpetual smile, which lights up his face,
No symbol or sign of invisible grace,
By Satan, 'twas used, and cost Adam his place,
Oh! despair.

Counterfeit Smile.

Counterfeit smile,
Full of guile,
Ready to wile,

Very good,
Whole human brood.

Makes very well,
Like a spell.
While they revel,

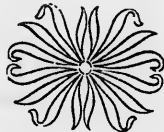
Very sharp,
Makes him a shark
Makes men his mark

Peep his face,
See,
From his place,

The man with the counterfeit smile, so killing,
Who lays himself out, and is ever willing,
To please, and for which he keeps always drilling,
Is no bear.

Oh, no ; he's the smoothest of men in his speech,
His words are as sweet as a big luscious peach,
He looks like a sweet angel, come down to teach
Debonair.

Beware of the man with the counterfeit smile,
Give him a wide berth, as wide as a mile,
Don't truck with the man, he loves to beguile.
O, beware!



A Talent Society in Arizona Comes to Grief.

A congregation up to date,
Was seized with notions wise and great,
It had a debt to liquidate,
Which grieved it.

It set to work with right good will,
Determined to its coffers fill,
A debt, it was a cancerous ill ;
It believed it.

It muster'd up some members brave,
To (sweep the debt off), like a wave,
Each member worked as hard's a slave,
To achieve it.

A strong organization formed ;
The incubus would now be stormed,
Willing workers, all well informed,
Would seize it.

And clear it off, oh, what delight,
The scheme they had, was out of sight,
The best that ever came to light
To relieve it.

A Talent Society in Arizona Comes to Grief. 31

A dollar, to each one was sent,
The dollar, to be wisely spent,
The money, it was only lent ;
Just to trade.

One bought fine yarn, and knitted socks,
One baked bread, to sell to folks,
Who bought up fast the talent stocks,
Of high grade.

A few made candy superfine,
The very best, in all that line ;
They sold six pieces for a dime,
It was cheap.

Aprons seemed another one's forte,
Splendidly made, and just the sort.
For servant girls at work to sport,
When they sweep.

One had a corner, on pies and cakes,
Another one painted cups and plates,
And sold one and all at high price rates,
To ladies.

Two members of uncertain age,
Conceived of some things, quite the rage,
Rag dolls, and bibs, by them were made,
For babies.

The merchants of the town looked blue
Because their trade from them it drew ;
Not much business had they to do,
Times were bad.

Talent folk had the inside track ;
They sold their wares ; they did it pat,
And stole the trade ; made merchants slack,
And quite sad.

The talent club made money fast,
But organization didn't last,
'Twas rent in twain. alas ! alas !
Sad to see.

There were two, who with bread found fault,
It wasn't good, it required more salt.
It might do well, for poor and halt,
For their tea.

Now Mrs. F. and Mrs. D.—
These two killed the society ;
Alas ! it went fiddle de de—
Knocked dead,

Mrs. Christian, the baker in chief,
Learned how the two were making mischief,
And threw up the sponge, for peace and relief,
She did right.

Comes to Grief.

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A Talent Society in Artzoga Comes to Grief. 35

But this in justice, must be said,
Mrs. C, made the best of bread,
Fit for table of crowned head,
Or high Knight.

Mrs, F, and D., who started the broil,
Brought to an end the talent toil,
'Tis sad that two can good work spoil,
For the cause,

The society is dead and gone,
The members soon left it all alone,
The big debt may go to old Hong Kong,
Or the 'Shaws.



Burial of Wauchope.

11 Part.

From the grave of their hero, they turned their sad face,
To the heights where Cronje and his men held their place:

Their cheeks flushed deep crimson, and their jaws were
steel set,

The awful disaster they could never forget,

Their rifles they clutched, with firm manly hands ;
The veins on these hands were like strong iron bands.

Not a word did they speak, but each face had a look
Which was hard to portray, it was so resolute.

No orator's tongue, or inspired poet's pen
Could fully describe the stern look of these men.

Neither death, nor hell, things above or below,
Will keep them from striking the Boers a great blow,

Once more they look'd round where their general lay,
While the sun was marking the flight of the day,

With eyes wet with tears, they all took one last gaze,
At spot where their chief lay unconscious of praise.

Burial of Wauchope.

37

No shot did they fire, but they gave the salute,
Then campwards they marched with sorrowful look.
While the darkness of African night stole down,
And rolled o'er the grave of a man of renown.



St. Andrew's Night.

Held in Billiard House, Rat Portage, Nov. 30, 1900

'Twas on a night, when snow lay white,
In street and lane, and rocky height ;
A night, which Scotchmen all hold dear,
And celebrate with right good cheer.
Some eighty Scots, or maybe more,
Assembled for an evening's splore ;
When town-clock struck the hour of nine,
'Twas then these men began to shine.

With eating and speaking,
They chased the hours away ;
With laughing and chaffing
They happy were and gay.

A Cameron man, of noble mien,
Presided o'er the festive scene,
Of all the men who gathered there
He was the man to grace the chair.
When each was seated in the room,
The Celt who hailed from Wabigoon,
Blew forth a stirring air from pipes,
To sharpen up their appetites.

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St. Andrew's Night.

39

On matter and platter,
Descended knife and spoon,
With supping and cutting,
For "Menu" they made room.

And when the "Haggis" was brought in,
Applause came forth with mighty vim;
The Bard addressed, with rev'rend face,
The "Chieftain o' the puddin' race."
Then every man to right and left,
Set to with spoon to do his best.
This glorious food of Scottish fame,
Stirred up the patriotic flame,
Again, the Celt from Wabigoon
Paced to and fro across the room.
His music, and the Haggis rare,
Seemed to populate the air,
With spirits of their fathers great,
Whose deeds are writ in words ornate.
On history's page they stand out bold,
This night they were again retold.
Kyl-, when he had been fully fed,
Sang "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled"
And roused the blood of every Celt,
Who wished just then the foe to pelt,
To one and all, it seemed so clear,
That Canada had naught to fear:

For her true men, of Scottish blood,
 Would settle every warlike feud,
 And drive off foes of "Maple Leaf,"
 And spare the land from meikle grief.
 Have not the Scots of Canada,
 Done famous work in Africa.
 O, Canada, remember this:
 When foes around your borders hiss.
 The sons of heather are all right,
 To gain for you a glorious fight.
 Again the Celt from Wabigoon,
 Struck up a patriotic tune.

With stamping and prancing,
 The very floor did shake,
 With shouting and spouting,
 The boarders they did wake.

Then Matt, whose heart was in a flame,
 Sang sweetly "When the Kye Comes Home."
 He ended, and an encore rang,
 He must need give another sang.
 My! how he charmed our hearts again,
 He gave to us an old-time strain,
 Matt sang with voice both strong and steady
 The old old song "Rab Tamson's Smiddy."
 Again, the man from Wabigoon,
 His music quickly did resume.

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St. Andrew's Night.

41

With lively songs and friendly cracks,
I'm sure no one was weary :
With stirring tales and funny jokes,
Their fun was very cheery,
I have not got the power of muse,
To paint the scene so rosy,
To tell how these men did enthuse,
It fair beats all my poesy.
The "Auld Scotch Sangs" was sing so sweet,
By one whose name was Crichton;
Some callans' they were like to greet,
As bygone years, they thought on.
But sadder thoughts were dispers'd soon,
And mirth again was humming.
When Celt, who hailed from Wabigoon,
Play'd up "Campbells are Coming."
Nae man can tether tide or time.
The hours sped on right mirthful,
Some wee short hour the clock did chime,
To longer stay was hurtful.
The parting song they now must sing,
Of "Auld Lang Syne" so timely,
The four score Scots did make it ring
With heart and voice sublimely.

Jamie's Generosity.

Two poverty stricken lads, whose names were James and
Ned,
Who lived in the slums of London, and often starved for
bread.

Their parents, vicious and idle, were cruel and unkind,
The boys might go to the bad, the parents did not mind.

The lads were wretchedly clad, and often hungry and weak,
And nobody seemed to care if they had not food to eat.

Cast like flotsam and jetsam, on life's cold and cruel wave,
Were the ragged, hungry gamins whom Jesus died to save.

What a streak of luck had Jamie, he found peach ripe and
sweet,
Dropped it had been by some one, while walking along the
street :

And Jamie gave it to Ned, that he might have the first bite,
Ned took it into his hands and bit off a tiny mite.

Jamie, though very hungry, manfully and kindly said :
"Take it again, bite bigger. you must be hungry, Ned."

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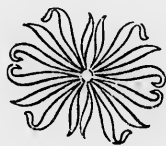
Jamie's Generosity.

43

Said Ned, as he took the bite, "O Jamie, you're very good,
To let me have so much, when it was you who found the
food."

Now it's a fact that God in heav'n, smil'd down on Jamie's
deed,
Because he gave so freely, to poor Ned in time of need.

God told it to the angels, all the angels sang with joy,
And heaven was far more heavenly, by the kindness of
the boy.



Mother.

Time passes on: a handsome face is mellow'd,
With the light and warmth of sev'ral summer suns,
And joys of years gone swiftly by, have hallow'd,
The dear old home, where mother's love brightly burns.
A home, where angel fair might stay o'er night,
And have no loneliness, or deep desire,
To fly back quickly to the realms of light,
And join his comrades of Seraphic fire.

O, strange sweet blessedness of years ago :
I did not see it then, as I do now :
We are so stupid, dense, and far too slow.
To grasp the sunshine on maternal brow.
To-day it seems to me a mystery,
That I while shelt'ring 'neath the lovelight glow,
Of parent's smile, have not a history,
Of kinder words, and nobler deeds to shew.

The youngest of the four was I, but one,
And made things lively by my mirth and glee.
O, how she watch'd us in our childish fun,
And laugh'd to see us play so merrily.
But time speeds on, and lads are full grown men
I look upon a face, plough'd deep with care,
I see her loving eyes, which smile again,
And see a body bent, and snow white hair.

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Mother.

45

And as I hold her hand again in mine,
And thnk of burdens borne by her so true,
I bow before the form, to me sublime,
And bless the soul of greatness, shining through.
If I could look once more upon that form,
And hear the music of her gentle voice,
I'd brave the broad Atlantic's wildest storm,
Spare no expense, O, how I would rejoice.
Ah, me ! the old arm chair which stands by fire,
In which a saintly lady sat and read,
Is empty now ; mother has gone higher,
To gloryland, her ransom'd soul has sped.



St. Andrew's Night.

Part II.

Rat Portage, November 30th, 1900.

I had almost forgotten clean,
To tell of one whose name is Green,
A sturdy man of Scottish birth,
Who added much unto the mirth.
After the piper's rousing chanter,
He read the tale "O Tam o' Shanter."
The callans laugh'd with muckle glee,
All cheering very heartily.
Some splendid toasts were then brought on,
To Army, Navy, Queen and Home :
On speakers words we all did hang,
Responses eloquently rang.
Cap. Thomson spoke of Nelson brave,
Of Blake who fought by ocean's wave,
And many more of British caste,
Who never flinch'd before the mast,
But liv'd, and fought for country dear,
And never yet a foe did fear.
Doc. Marshall, humble and sedate,
Some funny stories did relate.
Then Cuthbert, Mac, McG. and Rose,

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St. Andrew's Night.

47

When chairman did the toast propose,
To ladies fair: these four he chose,
To speak to same, for none like those,
Who single are, and in love mad,
And who would fly to Trinidad,
Or foreign parts, or anywhere,
To smile upon their sweethearts fair,
Can speak upon a theme so grand,
The noblest work of Nature's hand.
Their speeches had the lovers' ring,
All felt they were just the clear thing.
The bagpipes man from Wabigoon,
Blew forth a sentimental tune.
Oh! had I old Apollo's lyre,
Or some of his poetic fire,
The last of all, the scenes that night,
I might describe in language bright.
The piper march'd around each street,
His martial strains were wild, unique,
The citizens were fill'd with dread,
To hear the loud resounding tread,
Of many, many mighty men,
Who sang and cheer'd with might and main.
Big Duncan, Woods and Johnson too,
Trembled at the hullabaloo.
They thought at first it might be Boers,
Who'd come upon our peaceful shores.
But citizens became serene—
When Scots sang out "God Save the Queen."

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On page 15, fifth line in second verse word "laks" should be "taks."

On page 30, third line in second verse word "dissimulatory" should be "a dissimulatory."

On page 32, second line in third verse there should be no parentheses.

On page 45, second line, "th nk" should be "think."

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